

## AN EASTER BONNET.



WELL, worthy of a sonnet  
Is the dainty little bonnet  
That my wife will wear  
on Easter  
When she goes to church with me;  
Flowers, ribbon, lace  
and feather  
blending prettily together  
Make a poem most exquisite  
And a work of art to see.

When it's time to wear the bonnet  
By the mirror she will don it.  
And I'll see her smile of triumph  
As she, blushing, turns to show  
Me that lovely Easter treasure:  
How her eyes will dance with pleasure  
At my gaze of admiration  
And the praise I shall bestow.

Then I'll walk beside that bonnet,  
Glancing, O, so proudly on it,  
Up the aisle on Easter morning  
With the dearest one on earth,  
And I'll notice the attention  
(Which I afterwards will mention)  
That the other women pay it  
For its beauty and its worth.

O, all worthy of a sonnet  
Is the dainty little bonnet  
That till Easter must be hiding  
All its glory on a shelf;  
But the sweetest thing about it  
Is—though other husbands doubt it  
That my wife, to save my pocket,  
Planned and made it all herself.

—H. C. Dodge.

## DAVE'S EASTER PRAYER.

How It Was Answered in a Very Unexpected Way.



AVE was sleeping so soundly that Tom hated to wake him—he looked so pretty, too, with his flushed face and yellow, curling hair—but Mrs. Brady's words of the night before still rang in Tom's ears.

"I will speak to Officer Williams tomorrow. Those boys must be taken care of," she had said.

To be taken care of by a blue-coated officer meant but one thing to Tom—the station in that precinct—and the lad had a wholesome terror of the law. The words brought a picture of himself and Dave dragged through the streets as he had more than once seen violators of the law treated. There was only one thing to be done, they must go, and go at once before the family awoke.

Tom was eight years old, Dave not much over five. Tom had a bright face, keen beyond his years, and a self-reliant air. Dave was a remarkably pretty child, even with his tumbled hair and generally uncared-for appearance. And these boys were literally homeless and friendless. It was the old story—so old that people become almost indifferent to it—a drunken father, a murdered mother. Yes, murdered—not by a merciful quick pistol-shot or knife-thrust, but by years of want and ill-treatment. For the two years since her death the children had been absolutely without care except that given by a father who was rarely free from the influence of liquor and by the woman who lived in the old tenement house and who had families of their own to look out for.

When the father walked off the dock and ended his worthless life the boys were scarcely worse off. The neighbors gave them something to eat as they had done before when the father was not there. Tom, small as he was, manifested a sort of paternal care for Dave that sometimes touched even the hearts of the dwellers of Ford's court. If he earned a penny by an errand the larger part of the red apple or the striped candy stick went to blue-eyed Dave. As for Dave he had no one but Tom, and his confidence in his brother's age and wisdom was unbounded.

So when he was awakened it was with unquestioning obedience that he dressed and left the house with Tom. No one was astir, for it was Sunday morning and the occupants of the tenement house slept late.

It was a bright Sunday, late in April, Easter Sunday, though the homeless boys did not know that. Although the sun shone there was a chill in the air, and Dave soon complained of being cold. A horse-car station offered a temporary shelter and the children were unmolested for a long time. There was a lunch counter in the room, and from the



OUT IN THE STREETS AGAIN.

near came the appetizing smell of coffee. Dave's lip quivered, he was so hungry, but Tom comforted him by bidding him wait a little while. Tom was hungry, too, but there was a sturdy independence about the little lad that forbade begging. At last the car-starter told the boys to go—not unkindly—for they were so small and so quiet he could find no fault with them.

Out into the streets again went the homeless boys—streets that were filled with people now on the way to church, many with the desire to display their Easter finery; some with a sincere love for the Master who had burst the bonds of the tomb and whose followers were promised that because He lived they, too, should live. The chimes rang out an

Easter greeting; in church and chapel flowers sent up their incense to Christ who died but rose again. And while Easter anthems were being sung and Easter sermons preached the tired, hungry lads walked from street to street, looking into store windows where the curtains were lifted, Tom doing his best to interest and amuse weary little Dave.

Just as they reached a great stone church the worshippers were coming out, and the boys, from a doorway across the street, watched the long line of richly-dressed people.

At last every one was gone, the little groups that lingered in the vestibule breaking up, one by one, but still the heavy doors stood wide open. The inner door, too, was open, and through the two entrances the boys could catch a glimpse of color and brightness.

"Let's go in," said Dave.

Tom hesitated, but the doors still stood open, no one was to be seen, and he ventured to cross the street and ascend the steps.

As the boys entered the vestibule Dave cried out in wonder and delight, for through the inner door could be seen a great window, rich with glowing tints. The sexton was in the chapel, and there was no one to forbid the children entrance.

Once inside the church there was so much to see that Tom and Dave quite forgot they were uninvited guests. They had never seen a church interior before. Tom had attended Sabbath-school at a mission chapel, and had thought the framed mottoes, the white-washed walls and the wheezy little organ very grand, but this fairly took his breath away, the soft, rich carpet, the wonderful window, the shining pipes of the organ and its glistening banks of keys, the carvings of the dark wood, and more than all the flowers within the chancel rail.

There were masses of great white lilies everywhere on altar and pulpit and organ; just over the altar a large cross of lilies standing out with a vivid whiteness against the dark carvings of the reredos, and above altar and cross the window that was the pride of the Grace Church people, a window that represented the risen and ascending Christ. The figure, exquisite and lifelike, with outstretched hands and flowing draperies, seemed to stand out from the deep azure of the background.

Tom and Dave went quite close to the chancel rail to look at the beautiful window.

"That is Jesus," said Tom. "I know it is, 'cause it's just like the picture the teacher showed me. If you want any thing you ask Jesus for it and He will give it to you. Teacher said so."

Dave opened his blue eyes wide.

"Let's ask Him for things," he cried.

"But you have to pray," said Tom, "and we don't know how. The teacher



"DEAR JESUS, PLEASE SEND MOTHER BACK TO US."

used to get down on her knees and talk to Him, but I forget what she said."

"What did she ask Jesus for?"

"Oh, to be good, and to make us boys good."

"Well, I know what I'm going to ask Jesus for. I want Him to send mother back. You said we had warm breakfasts and lots of nice things before she went away."

"But mother's dead," said Tom; "she can't come back."

"You said Jesus could do any thing," persisted Dave.

"Yes, teacher said so," hesitatingly. Tom seemed to be something of a skeptic when it came to taking his teacher's words so literally.

"Well, I'm going to pray," and Dave sank on his knees at the chancel rail and drew Tom down by his side. The perfume of lilies and roses was all about them—a ray of golden light fell upon them—two ragged boys amid all the beauty and grandeur of the temple.

"How did teacher begin?" asked Dave.

"Dear Jesus," said Tom, "and then she asked Him what she wanted."

Dave looked straight up to the loving face of the Christ—he did not know he ought to bow his head—and after a little pause he said quite slowly and distinctly as though trying to make some one hear who was not very near:

"Dear Jesus, please make Tom and me good boys and send mother back to us right off, 'cause we want her so much."

"Now say amen," prompted Tom; "teacher always did."

"Amen," echoed Dave, and the strangest prayer ever voiced in that house of God was ended. But did prayer ever ascend to the great white throne more quickly?

"Now let's wait here till she comes," said Dave.

"Till who comes?" asked Tom.

"Why, mother. I said 'right off.' Didn't you hear me?"

Tom was nonplussed. He knew what death meant better than Dave, but was at a loss to make it clear to his brother that his prayer could not be answered. So he compromised by saying: "We'll stay a little while if you will be a good boy and go when I ask you to."

Dave assented cheerfully. He had perfect faith that his prayer would be answered and quickly, too.

The children did not know it, but they could not have left the church if they had tried. The inner door had been

swung noiselessly to by the sexton, who had not thought of looking in, then he had locked the outside doors—the boys were alone in the church.

Dave gave one more look at the cross of lilies and the Christ in the window, then walked up the aisle a little way and went into one of the pews. First he sat down and then he lay down, and so comfortable a bed did the soft-cushion make for the tired child that he objected to being disturbed when Tom suggested going. So Tom, who was tired, too, sat down on a footstool and put his head on the cushion beside Dave.

There was a rustle of skirts, a low hum of voices. A committee of ladies, to whom had been assigned the chapel decorations for the children's service that afternoon, were discussing what flowers could best be spared from within the chancel.

Tom was awakened, but Dave still slept soundly.

A young lady who had been detained in the chapel came hurriedly up the aisle to join the group, and though Tom shrank closer in his corner, she saw him, and her exclamation brought the half-dozen ladies to her side.

Dave slept on, and a pretty picture he made, the gold of his hair brought out



"WAY SHOULD THEY NOT BE MY BOYS?"

against the deep red of the pew cushion. Tom was frightened, but they were such kind faces he looked into that he was not afraid to tell his story—and very simply and directly he told it.

The young lady who had discovered the boys had a business-like air, and a brisk way of saying things that spoke volumes for her executive ability.

"Now here is mission work," she cried. "What are we going to do for these boys? Homes must be found for them. Suppose we adopt them as proteges of the Mission Society and make a monthly assessment to pay some one to care for them? How many of you will vote to—"

A slender, sweet-faced woman, dressed in mourning—the only one who had been silent—interrupted her. Her voice was broken, but she tried to control it.

"Perhaps you will think me wild," she said, "but don't you see where these boys are? They are in my pew, where my boys used to sit. I am alone in the world; they are alone. Why should they not be my boys? I come here with empty arms, longing for the sound of boyish voices forever hushed, and here, just where they used to sit in the church hallowed to me by so many memories—where I was married, where my children were baptized—I find these motherless, homeless boys. And on Easter Sunday, too. It seems like a resurrection of hopes I had thought forever dead. Why should I not take these boys, care for them, educate them, make them my boys? Does it not seem that God has sent them to me?"

There was silence for a moment. Then the brisk young lady said, with a little laugh, to hide some real emotion: "At least, Mrs. Sanborn, it will be a saving for the missionary society."

Mrs. Sanborn passed into the pew and bent over sleeping Dave, and as she did so the child opened his eyes, a glad light crept into them and he stretched out his arms.

"Mother!" he cried, "I asked Jesus to send you back."

This Easter prayer was granted. Tom and Dave were no longer homeless, no longer motherless, and above the cross of snowy lilies the pictured Christ seemed to look down in blessing upon them.—Mrs. Etta F. Martin, in Boston Globe.

## CHICAGO'S WATER SUPPLY.

It Brings to Light Many Yearfully Made Animal Curiosities.

Every once in awhile—and sometimes twice in awhile—we see stories in the local papers about the reptilian specimens that make their Chicago debuts through the faucets of the dwellings of the elite. It is with no idea of competing with the enterprising daily press that we submit the appended anecdotes garnered by our reporters in the course of their vigils in the cause of good government and pure water.

Daisy Maginty, a wash-lady in the residence of Potiphar Porkehop, of Ashland avenue, recently drew a tub of water from the faucet in the kitchen, when what was her astonishment to find in the water a half-grown specimen of the behemoth of Holy Writ. Barnum has put in a bid for it.

Bebe Pumpernickel, a French nursery man in the family of Mrs. Orbrion, of Orbrion Villa, Lincoln Park, North, while giving little Raoul Orbrion his morning bath one day this week was surprised to find issuing from the faucet a boa-constrictor as large as a full-grown bologna sausage. The reptile was in excellent health and very intelligent. Surely something should be done to prevent respectable people in Chicago from imbibing boa-constrictors in their drinking water.

A full-grown ichthyosaurus was drawn from the hydrant in Hon. G. Whilliken's house last week. It has been sent to Mayor Cregier with a letter of introduction.

Miss Petile Muldoon found a phoenix and a unicorn in a pitcher of drinking water yesterday. Turn the taps out!—America.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

### CHEAP FOWL HOUSE.

It Costs But Little, Is Simple in Construction and Answers Every Purpose.

Large sums of money are not needed to build houses in which poultry will pay. In the cut first shown an outside view of an excellent house is given, and in the outfollowing the west side. The ends of the coop are built of matched boards,

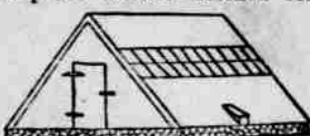


FIG. 1.

with the door on the west side and two sashes in the east, with a set of nests under them. On the south roof are four sashes and two sets of nests of five each, and a door nine inches square for the fowls. The end door is six feet high and three feet wide, to admit a wheel-

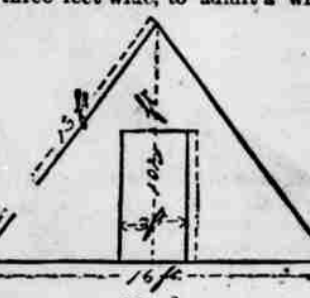


FIG. 2.

barrow. In the ground plan are the perches set in crotches, made as in the last cut. N N N are nests, made with a passage in front, with a part of the roof binged to form a door to get the eggs. The door does not shut tight but has a crack about half an inch wide between

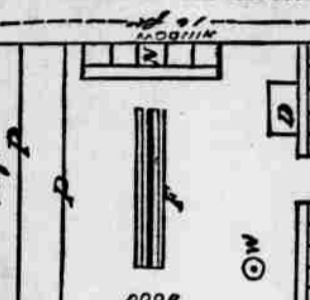


FIG. 3.

It and the front, to allow a faint light in the nests. When a hen wants to set, a door made of laths or wire can be placed before her to keep other fowls from disturbing her. W is the water

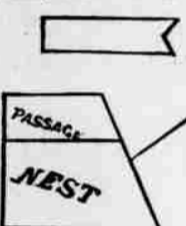


FIG. 4.

trough. F the feed-trough and D the dust-box. The roof is covered with tarred paper kept on by laths. The perch crotches are shown in the last cut—Farm and Home.

### ECONOMY OF SHEEP.

Their Value in Keeping Up the Fertility of the Farm.

We all know how exhausting grain-growing is to the soil. The old East, or at least many parts of it, have suffered greatly from exhausted fertility of the soil, and we have experienced the same trouble in the fertile West. What used to be called the far West has been brought face to face with the necessity of fertilizing what was once a soil whose fertility, we thought, was practically inexhaustible. The wheat belt has been steadily going westward, as it has been found unprofitable to grow wheat in the more eastern States. With the usually large yields of wheat on the virgin soil of the West the yield upon the soil of the older sections is so small that the average of wheat yield throughout the country is only about ten bushels per acre.

The soil has been rotted by grain growing. Cattle-breeding and feeding are lighter upon the soil, but still cattle take a good deal from the land. Sheep take nothing from it. They return more than they take. Now if it is true—and we think it is—that a pound of mutton can be made cheaper than a pound of beef, and if it is true that sheep, instead of robbing the land of fertility add to its fertility, the odds in favor of sheep are very great, great enough, at least, to lead every farmer properly situated to adopt sheep husbandry as a part of his farming operations.—Western Rural.

### Salt for Fear and Quince Trees.

Salt is not in itself a manure, but its action in releasing plant food locked in insoluble forms makes it often a profitable application for some kinds of fruit trees, says the American Cultivator. We heard a day or two ago of an experiment that a farmer made with a neglected pear tree which for years had grown near to value. Thinking he would kill the tree he told his hired man during the winter or early spring to empty around it a barrel of spoiled beef brine. It was so done; but instead of dying the tree took on a new lease of life, and its rich, green foliage was a surprise to all who saw it. A year later this tree was heavily loaded with the largest and finest pears ever seen of its variety. The tree has kept on bearing since that application, though we hope not without a further supply of manure. We have always made a practice of applying salt freely around quince trees, though not to the exclusion of other manures. Quince need much higher feeding than they get. Heavy manuring will not make them run to leaf and wood instead of fruit. Caution should be used in applying salt not to put it on too strong. It is not a safe application for stone fruits, like cherry, peach and plum. The foliage of these trees is easily killed, and with an overdose of salt at the root the leaves will fall off and the tree will quickly die.

## CARE OF THE FARM TEAM.

This Is a Matter Deserving Your Careful Attention.

Give your horse the best of care and you will never regret it, for what he gives you in return will more than repay you. Many farmers and others who use horses do not know the first principles of good care and general treatment of them.

First, get a good team, as it does not pay to keep poor horses; it costs just as much to keep a poor horse and he will not perform nearly as much work. Build a good, warm, convenient, serviceable barn where the horses may be made comfortable both in cold and warm weather. Treat your team kindly, always coaxing and never forcing; at the same time give them to understand that you are master, and that if they do as you tell them every thing will move smoothly. You should never ask any thing of them that you have any doubts of their ability to perform without exerting themselves to the utmost. They will soon learn to have confidence in you and act on first telling.

Never start your team with a cut from a whip. If you can not refrain from using a whip unnecessarily, leave it at the barn. Say "Whoa" when you mean "Whoa" and "Go" when you mean "Go." When you go out to the barn in the morning speak to your team as you would to a friend. Give them a friendly good morning instead of a curse and a kick. You may feed a horse ever so well and give him harsh treatment other ways and he will always be in poor condition.

It is quite early when farmers arise, too early to feed grain, as the horses are obliged to wait too long between the morning and noon repast. Do not feed the grain until just before going to breakfast or even not until after, but give them hay and a little water. After your breakfast feed the grain, clean out the barn and give the horses a good grooming. Never use the currycomb more than is necessary, as it hurts the horse and ruins his temper, causing him to kick and bite. Brushes, of which there are a great many kinds, are preferable.

Do not drive your team to market on a muddy day if you can possibly help it. But if it is necessary do not on arriving at your home unhitch them, put them in the stable and allow the mud to dry on. Wash it off with warm water and then dry with a cloth.

Keep all parts of the harness smooth, that it may not chafe or gall the animal. While at work in the field give your team water as often as you want it yourself. Farmers should have in every field a convenient place for watering. Before giving them a drink give them a little wisp of hay or grass, a bunch of which can be taken into the field in the morning.

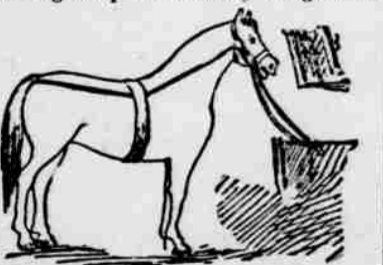
When you stop the team to rest lift up the collars and wipe the sweat from their shoulders. This will prevent soreness. Keep fly-nets on your team in fly-time. These nets, as well as harnesses, should be as light as possible. At noon remove the harnesses and give the horses a rest. In the evening, after their day's work is done, give your team a small drink, take them to the barn, unharness and turn them out in a grass lot to roll and graze while you are eating supper. The lot should be free from obstacles. Before turning them out bathe their shoulders. After supper water and feed, groom and fix a good bed of straw.—Farm and Home.

### HALTER PULLING.

A Tail-graphic Arrangement By Which It Can Be Stopped.

The habit young colts often have of pulling at the halter or "tearing loose," is very annoying. Mature animals seldom form it, but if once acquired the practice is persisted in by the most docile "old family horse," in spite of all efforts at prevention. Illustrated herewith is a device which serves to prevent and "break" a horse of this habit. It consists of a small rope (3/8-inch is heavy enough), one end of which is passed through the strap-ring of the halter, thence up through the joint-ring at the side of the head, back along the neck, under a surcingle along the back, thence around under the tail and back again. In returning the rope it should pass under the surcingle again, thence up along the neck and through the joint ring, thence down through the strap-ring again.

The rope should be of sufficient length to transcribe the circuit described, and enough longer to form a hitching-strap of ordinary length, to



DEVICE FOR HALTER PULLERS.

be used in tying the horse. The weight or force of the horse in pulling back is borne by the tail, which will persuade the most determined halter-puller to desist at every attempt. This device can be worn whether the horse is in harness, under the saddle, or if standing in the stable. If not in harness, a surcingle must be used, as shown in illustration. Two or three trials will teach the horse addicted to this vice that "pulling back" is not the "better part of valor."—Orange Judd Farmer.

It may be possible to give a nearly perfect ration for an animal, but it is not always advisable to use such a ration. It is possible that in some seasons or in some sections the cost of an element in that ration would make it unadvisable to feed. We must feed, to some extent, according to circumstances, always keeping in mind that it never pays to feed what will absolutely injure the animal, however cheap it may be.—Western Rural.

From reports that come to us in various ways we are glad to know that there is much better care given to stock every winter. It is beginning to be learned that shelter is cheaper than food.

## THE MARCH LION.

A Large Scope of Country Shaken Up By a Violent Storm—Much Property Damaged.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 28.—The elemental disturbance which bore down on Kansas City yesterday in the shape of a well developed gale was, according to the signal service reports, the most general storm that has passed over the United States in several years. It originated out in the mountains Wednesday morning, extending in a few hours from Montana to Texas. In velocity the wind increased momentarily. At eight o'clock yesterday morning the center of the storm was between Concordia and Wichita, Kan., bearing in this direction. At one o'clock in the afternoon Kansas City was the center of the storm, and the course was still easterly at the rate of over thirty miles an hour.

The storm at midnight extended from Michigan to Mississippi with a gale of 48 miles an hour at Chicago, 35 at St. Louis and 40 at Springfield, Mo.

The signal service reported last night that heavy rains might be expected throughout the East. Here it will be cooler and fair to-day.

Reports from all parts of Missouri and Kansas report great damage in small ways.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., March 28.—A tremendous wind storm has raged here since one o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was preceded by heavy rain and hail. The storm was very severe west of here, and a number of farm houses were unroofed and otherwise damaged, while many miles of fences were laid low. So far as can be learned there were no casualties. The damage in the city is confined to roofs and broken window glass.

Advices from Cape Girardeau and Charleston are the storm was very severe and at the latter place one life was lost—a woman—name not given.

WICHITA, Kan., March 28.—The wind all yesterday handled quite roughly signs, buildings and electric light poles and did considerable damage. A brick arch at the waterworks station was blown down and fell into the boiler room. Engineer J. M. Cossett had two ribs broken and sustained other injuries which it is thought will prove fatal. Two street cars and a number of wagons were upset.

OMAHA, Neb., March 28.—Early yesterday morning a heavy storm of wind, rain and hail passed over this city and vicinity, doing considerable damage to windows and frail buildings. Later in the day the rain turned to snow and after noon a blizzard prevailed. Most of the street car lines in the city are blocked and travel is greatly impeded.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 28.—A snow storm raged in Southern Minnesota and South Dakota yesterday, accompanied by severe winds. However, it was not cold and the wet snow is considered a cause for rejoicing among the farmers, the ground now being more moist than for years at this season.

KEOKUK, Iowa, March 28.—The worst rain and thunder storm of the season occurred yesterday afternoon. Rain fell in torrents, and the streets were soon flowing with water, the gutters being unable to carry away the water. No great damage was done.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, March 28.—A heavy wind and snow storm raged here yesterday afternoon. The wind was forty miles an hour and the temperature freezing. While the snow was falling there were three flashes of lightning followed by a clap of thunder.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 28.—The worst blizzard of the season raged here last night, but as the weather was comparatively warm the suffering entailed was not considerable. Telephone wires scattered the streets and tripped up pedestrians.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 28.—Telegraphic reports from points in Minnesota, Dakota and Iowa show that a general snowstorm prevailed throughout these States during yesterday.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 28.—A furious blizzard raged here yesterday. Fifteen inches of snow fell and the velocity of the wind was forty-five miles an hour.

## EXPLODING STARCH.

Disaster at a Chicago Sugar Refinery—A Score of Workmen Killed and Injured.

CHICAGO, March 28.—Twenty-seven men were at work in the starch room of the Chicago Sugar Refinery Company last evening and General Manager Arnold Behrs had just entered the room to give some instructions to them, when there came a tremendous clap followed by flashes of fire and the rumble of falling timbers. Shattered portions of the building and machinery were hurled in every direction and the workmen in an instant found themselves beneath a mass of debris which soon commenced to blaze.

Two hundred men are employed in the main building, and when they heard the report of the explosion and saw the glare of the flames they were panic-stricken. Rushing down the long, narrow stairs headlong and out into the air, it was some moments before they realized the position of their comrades and began a rescue. Cries for help sounding above the roar of the fire brought the main building men to their senses. With the aid of the fire engine crews the big refinery was saved and a score of bruised and bleeding victims were soon being deposited on improvised couches in the laboratory of the company. Outside of this laboratory wives, mothers and children, who had fought their way through the smoke and crowds of spectators, were clamoring for admittance, but were kept back by the police.

The explosion resulted in the loss of at least three lives and the wounding of sixteen others, several of whom will die.

## Three Brothers Killed.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., March 28.—Train No. 14 on the Erie railroad killed three men at Red Rock, a small hamlet seven miles west of here, early yesterday morning. They were at first thought to be the men by whom a safe in Binghamton was blown open a short time previous, but later it was found that they were three brothers named Diedrich, John and Henry Backfield, all of New York, the two latter employed by Henry Eggert & Co., wholesale grocers, corner Duane and Greenwich streets. The bodies were all horribly mangled, and death must have been instantaneous.